

T H E
TORBAY EXPEDITION:
A
S A T I R E.

Price Six Pence.

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THE
T O R B A Y
EXPEDITION:

A
S A T I R E.

Feliciter audet.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. ROBINS, in *Fleetstreet*, and Sold
at the *Royal Exchange*, *St. James's*, *Bond-Street*,
and *Charing-Cross*. 1740.

THE

T O K B N N

EXPLORATION

S A T I R E

London

Printed by J. B. ...

L O N D O N

Printed for J. B. ...
at the Royal Exchange, St. James's, Strand, London.
and George ...



THE
TORBAY Expedition.

A S A T I R E.



TOUT *Jason's* Golden Fleece,
 the sacking *Troy*,

Nor sage *Ulysses'* Voy'ge our Tho'ts
 employ ;

In Modern Times, lo ! greater Heroes rise,

And *Britain's* Warriors strike you with Surprize !

Of Sieges and Blockades let others sing,

And various Trophies of their Conquest bring ::

Let

Let *Munich*, or the *Persian* take the Field,
 While haughty *Ottomans* alternate yield;
Choczim, or *Crotzka*, *Russian* Arms display,
 But sink inferior to Renown'd *TORBAR*.
 Rise ye great Shades! survey the fav'rite Shore,
 Where gen'rous Ardour Glorious *WILLIAM* bore,
 When with a trifling Force, but justly brave,
 He landed here Three Nations Rights to save:
 Now view his *trebled* Pow'r, in vain oppose
 A Nest of Robbers, poor contemptuous Foes.

Low on a Wave-worn Cliff, a hanging Rock,
BRITANNIA fate, her Form with Sorrow broke,

(7)

Pale Horror now her lovely Face deforms,
 She sinks oppress'd, a Prey to savage Storms,
 No Orient Pearls her matted Locks adorn,
 Let Ornaments by happy Nymphs be worn?
 While angry Surges foam around her Feet,
 Her Ears low hollow Sighs and Murmurs greet;
 Must I then fall? The hapless Fair One cries,
 Where are my Sons? Will no lov'd Hero rise?
 Must then my Honour which for Ages stood,
 (The Price of Half my dearest Subjects Blood)
 Must the fair Monument, which Time hath rear'd,
 And *Europe* for whole Centuries rever'd,
 Be suffer'd in one Year to sink away,
 Its Basis fall, and moulder to Decay:

Must

Must all that Pile of Glory be defac'd,

Which great *ELIZA* and her Captains rais'd ?

HER helpless State thus moan'd the drooping Fair

When War's loud Clangor opens from afar,

Unaided VERNON singly fights her Cause,

And *forces* Conquest, Honour, and Applause ;

While Cautious *Haddock* in his Strength secure,

Biscayan Swells doth undismay'd endure ;

Puts haughty *Spain* in one continual Doubt,

And lets a single Ship or so slip out.

So that Domestic Animal which scours,

The *Coast* of Buttery, or Pantry Doors,

Suffers

(9)

Suffers the nibbling Thief to 'scape her Paws,
Only to come the surer to her Claws.

THE Matron rear'd her Head, when joyful Fame
Sounds to her ravish'd Ears her *Norris*' Name,
That Name each injur'd *Briton*'s Hopes must raise,
Which All approve, and *A--le* deigns to praise:
Hopes of Revenge, and Honour now redrest,
And glowing Expectation warms each Breast;
All *Europe* trembles at th'*Assembled* Fleet;
And *Spain* and *B-b* would be glad to TREAT.
Th'impatient Sailors raise the swelling Sails,
And each implores enliv'ning prosp'rous Gales:

B

A

A Royal Guest their rising Courage cheers,

And all the solemn Farce of War appears,

But hold the Statesman cries, go not too far,

Sufficient is the *Shew*, without the War !

And *Neptune* who had sooth'd his Waves before,

And curl'd his Front to waft them from the Shore,

Enrag'd at their too indolent Delay,

Exerts his Power now, and bars their Way.

In vain with busy Hands the Ropes they ply,

And face the Dangers of th'inclement Sky ;

SHREWD Politicians o'er the Coffee's Steam,

Praise or dispraise each far-fetch'd fancied Scheme :

Hence

(11)

Hence slight Occurrences call forth their Rage,

Or else their Wisdom, Mischiefs to presage.

Thus do they tell, how in the Womb of Fate,

Unlucky Omens on our Actions wait :

How *Britain's* LION went to gain Renown

Now runs all *Victory* and Conquest down !

How *Hounslow's* conqu'ring Eagles droop'd, the Night

When lovely fair *Adonis* thence took Flight !

How *Sylvia* trembled, and her Tea Pot broke,

Soon as the fatal Word, *FAREWELL*, he spoke !

And how kind *Venus* warn'd him in a Dream,

To seek a Feather Bed, and quit the Stream !

N O T greater Valour *Rome's* dread Lord exprest,
When with the Ocean's Spoils his Men he drest :
Less fierce, less terrible, no Foes they fought,
But bolder *Britons* took a *Fishing Boat* :
All *Europe's* Terror, and *Britannia's* Pride,
Triumphant o'er the Pany Vessel ride :
Spain's Monarch full well knew their just Commands,
That as our Custom is we'd ty'd their Hands ;
He therefore braves your Pow'r, and jeers your Force,
And says *parading Fleets* are Things of Course.

DOUBTLESS his Conduct is as great who saves
His Men as his that makes ten Thousand Slaves :

If

(13)

If Winds forbid our eager Fleet to sail,
 Yet it could ne'er be said, that they turn'd Tail.
 If *Roman* Generals who sack'd a Town
 Deserv'd a *Civic* or a *Mural* Crown,
Pacific Fight so much their Deeds excels,
 These justly claim a *Crown* of *Cockle Shells*.

THE Nat'ralists agree some Plants wont breed,
 In any Soil, but where they sprung from Seed:
 Our Ships like them would gladly not be led
 To fight in any Sea, but at *SPITHEAD*.
 Thither (the dreadful Expedition past)
 They all return as Men to Dust at last.

WHO

Who says We *English* SECRETS can't retain?
And that for us to plot is all in vain!
Our *Expedition* was a SECRET GRAND,
Whither design'd no One could understand;
It still a SECRET is, and still hath been,
For ne'er a D--l in H-- knows what they mean.

ROUSE *Britons*, rouse, your Spirits up for Shame,
Of VERNON learn to vindicate your Fame:
And you *brave Admiral!* whose Actions past,
Will be remember'd while the World shall last,
Again restore the Honour of our Fleet,
Nor poorly thus secure at Distance threat:

So

(15)

So shall you wipe this black Record away,

THE SECRET EXPEDITION OF TORBAY :

So shall We conquer all these rude Alarms,

And *Fame* once more attend on BRITAIN'S ARMS.

F I N I S.



(15)

So shall you wipe the black record away.

The secret Expedition of Tennyson?

So that we cannot all this time find.

And I am sure that I have found it.

F. W. I. S.

